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Little Julian's pun book

Plymouth [England]

[18--]

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LITTLE JULIAN'S

PUN BOOK

CONTAINING

PUNS, CONUNDRUMS

SONGS, etc., etc.

PLYMOUTH:

THEOPHILUS CREBER, PRINTER, UNION STREET.

JOHN
GRISWOLD WHITE
COLLECTION OF
FOLKLORE,
ORIENTALIA
AND CHESS.

A GIFT TO THE
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FATHER, DEAR FATHER, THE BROKERS ARE IN.

Sung by Little Julian.

Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now,
My mother has sent me to say,
That she and the children are starving at home,
While you're drinking your wages away
We're smothered in dust, and the boiler has "bust,"
And the baby kicks up such a row,
We haven't a crust, and can't get any trust,
So father come home with me now.

CHORUS.

Oh, father, dear father, the brokers are in,
We've ate all the victuals and drank all the gin;
The poor little dickey bird's gasping with thirst,
And he hasn't got strength to go "chirrupy, chirruppy."
Mother's gone into a fit on the mat;
The tallyman's come with his rat-a-tat-tat;
They've cut off the water, the clock's lost a quarter,
So father come home with me now.

Oh, father, dear father, you'd better come home,
Or mother declares she will cut.;
We're all topsy turvy, the chimney's on fire,
And the place is all smothered in sut.
Everything's gone, there's nothing to pawn,
In fact things are all anyhow;
Poor mother's forlorn, she does nothing but mourn,
She is crying both day and night now.

Oh, father, dear father, come home with me do,
I've known there is no place like home,
It's wicked, dear father, to go on the spree,
And leave your children to roam;
We haven't a stick, we can't get a lick
Of victuals, dear father, I'm sure;
It's cruel to grieve poor children like we,
So come and stick up for yours.

How are married people always encouraging intemperance?—Because the wife always needs a sup-port, and the husband must always support her.

What two letters in the alphabet have eyes?—If A and B C D they must have eyes.

Spell blind pig in two letters.—PG. If I was in it it could't be blind.

For what reason does a man go to bed?—Why, to get up again, to be sure.

What is it that the rich man wants, the poor man has, the miser spends, the spendthrift saves, and we all carry it with us to the grave?—The rich man wants nothing, the poor man has nothing, the miser spends nothing, the spendthrift saves nothing, and we all carry nothing with us to the grave.

Money is the root of all evil; if any party here has any of that evil root to give away, I shall be most happy to accept of it. I wish I had the root of it in my pocket, and whoever likes can have the evil.

It's curious how the different people want money.—Scotch people want any sort of money; English people want ready money, and Irish people want every body's money.

'Tis sweet to hear a maiden sigh her first love in thine ear;
'Tis sweet to see her dark blue eye swim with a joyous tear.
'Tis sweet to see a wife into a ale-house come,
And sweetly to her husband say:
"I'll warm you when I get you home!"

I know more than you! I know that
If you give fire it's freedom it will burn up the earth;
Give me but your smiles, and I'll brim full of mirth;
Give a race-horse it's liberty, he'll run till he drops;
Give women their own way, and their tongues will never stop!

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A GIFT TO THE
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You know there is no place like home,
It's wicked, dear father, to go on the drink,
And away from your children to roam;
We hav'n't a stick, we can't get a lick
Of victuals, dear father, I'm sure;
The chandler is quick to refuse any tick,
He won't chalk up any more.

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STAY, JOHNNIE, STAY.

Oh! once I was a joyous lad, without a thought of care,
Life seemed to me just like a dream, so beautiful and fair;
My father often said: "Come, Jack, let's go the town to see;"
Then mother she would take my hand, and fondly say to me:

CHORUS.

"Stay with me Johnnie, stay with me dear,
Stay with me Johnnie, I'm so lonely here;
And I am sad when you both are away,
Stay with me Johnnie, stay, Johnnie, stay."

The years passed on, and I became a young man stout and strong,
I left my home, the place where I had happy been so long,
In town I led a wretched life, was reckless night and day,
And often in my troubled sleep my mother seemed to say:

CHORUS—Stay with me Johnnie, &c.

One day a letter came to me, I knew the writing well,
It was my mother's, but, ah! me, what sad news it did tell;
It said: "Dear John, your poor old dad to heaven has passed away,
So come to me at once, my boy, oh, Johnnie don't delay."

CHORUS—Stay with me Johnnie, &c.

I hastened to my mother's side and press'd her to my breast,
Her tears fell fast, and yet she said: "My boy, our God knows best;"
I looked into her poor old eyes, saw heaven reflected there,
And while we mingled tears of grief, she murmur'd in my ear.

CHORUS—Stay with me Johnnie, &c.

Do you remember the old proverb which says: Do unto one another as you would wish others to do unto you? It's changed now to this: Do everyone and take jolly good care nobody does you.

GOOD-BYE, EMILY JANE.

No doubt you will be awful sad
To hear that I've been nearly mad
By the loss of one I thought I had,
But now she's mine no more.
Marmalade was not a patch
With her sweetness, not a match,
I thought I had a proper catch,
But now she's gone, oh, lor!

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Emily Jane; tra, la, la, la, tat, tat, tat, ta;
Good-bye, Emily Jane, I'm going across the sea;
Good-bye, Emily Jane; tra, la, la, la, tat, tat, tat, ta,
I'm going away, but hurrah for the day when I come home again.

I bought her all that she could wish,
I never though that me she'd dish,
But I was caught just like a fish,
Which caused me lots of pain.
I used to take her down to Kew,
And other places that I knew;
My money, oh, how it all flew
On that deceitful Jane.

CHORUS—Good-bye, Emily Jane, &c.

Now false I never thought that she
Could ever, ever, ever be,
But I thought wrong as you will see
When all I tell to you.
Across the sea I had to go,
I parted with her as you know,
When I returned it was then, oh!
I found she was untrue.

CHORUS—Good-bye, Emily Jane, &c.

Now this—it was the worst of all—
Another fellow, young and tall,
In love with Jane he soon did fall,
And Jane was sweet on him.
And while I sailed across the sea,
And thought how happy we should be
She bolts away and marries he,
And leaves her own dear Jim.

CHORUS—Good-bye, Emily Jane, &c.

Why does a policeman resemble a rainbow?—Because he never appears until the storm is all over.

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PUNS, CONUNDRUMS,

SONGS, etc, etc.

OLD SAYINGS IN RHYME.

As poor as a church mouse; as thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise; as rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion; as spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence; as weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock; as sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare; as strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily; as empty as air;
As rich as Crœsus; as cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel; as neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap; as ugly as sin;
As dead as a door nail; as white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake; as red as a beet.

As round as an apple; as black as your hat;
As mean as a miser; as blind as a bat;
As brown as a berry; as full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge; as sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny; as dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone; as bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddler; as clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring; as deep as a well.

As light as a feather; as hard as a rock;
As stiff as a poker; as calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling; as brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop, lest you weary of me.

ON A BRIGHT SUMMER MORNING

On a bright summer morning I pursued my way,
As happy as a robin when he trills his lay;
That morning such a letter from my true love came,
Commencing with "My Dearest," and concluding with her name.
Such a pretty letter with its perfume sweet,
Cupids with their arrows, loving hearts to meet;
Lots of blots for kisses and a seal of blue,
Meaning that her love for me is true.

CHORUS.

On a bright summer morning I pursued my way,
As happy as a robin when he trills his lay;
That morning such a letter from my sweetheart came,
Commencing with "My Dearest," and concluding with her name.

Now who the letter came from I of course must tell,
A charming little maiden and her name was Belle,
She's just as sweet as honey and she writes to me,
You see that we are parted, she is far across the sea.
If you've been in love of course you'll understand
How you feel when loving letters reach your hand,
How you'll stand and wonder what your sweetheart said,
As I did with the one that I have read.

CHORUS—On a bright summer, &c.

Of course I'll write an answer in true love strain,
And ask my little darling to return again,
And soon a vessel sailing o'er the dark blue sea,
Will safely bring my darling sweetheart back again to me.
Then when we get married I will send you news,
I'm sure you'll say I'm happy such a wife to choose,
Such a little treasure from across the sea,
Our letters then will spell L O V E.

CHORUS—On a bright summer, &c.

I DON'T THINK IT'S HARDLY THE THING.

I'll sing you a kind of peculiar song,
Entitled, it's hardly the thing!
It will last till I touch upon many things wrong,
Which I don't think is hardly the thing!
While gazing around in a curious way,
And reading the newspapers day after day,
I hear and I see things that cause me to say—
I don't think it's hardly the thing!

There's Miss Simpson next door has a lover once more,
And I don't think it's hardly the thing!
For she's been engaged to at least half-a-score,
So I don't think it's hardly the thing!
It can't be the fault of Miss Simpson, I know,
She's a sweet little creature of forty or so,
They find out her age, and they say as they go—
I don't think it's hardly the thing!

We've plenty of high-life divorces I hear,
And I don't think it's hardly the thing!
There's one or two lately a little bit queer,
And I don't think it's hardly the thing!
They try very hard for to hide and to hush,
For our aristocracy well we may blush,
There's a great many tarred with the very same brush,
And I don't think it's hardly the thing!

We are getting too clever to live so I say,
I don't think it's hardly the thing!
For the new electric light turns night into day,
I don't think it's hardly the thing!
It's all very well to make daylight of night,
But I don't think 'twill answer for every-one quite,
For if all our dark deeds should be brought into light,
We should find it was hardly the thing!

Our army reserves were all summoned away,
And I don't think 'twas hardly the thing!
When their wives had to live upon six-pence a day,
Now I don't think that's hardly the thing
When they were disbanded they were in a worse mess,
For they lost situations and got no re-dress,
Well, if soldiers are treated so, I must confess
That I don't think it's hardly the thing!

There's some people of late with a crooked idea,
And I don't think it's hardly the thing!
They are trying hard to rob us of our Sunday beer,
And I don't think it's hardly the thing!
Such a measure as that should of course go to pot;
And such local option we should all try to stop,
For in my estimation it's not worth a jot
So I don't think it's hardly the thing!

The policemen, when there's a row in the street,
I don't think it's hardly the thing!
They're easily found, but not on their beat,
So I don't think it's hardly the thing!
For down area steps they will silently go,
And while the fight's going on up above don't you know,
They're enjoying their cold meat and pickles below,
I say, bobbie, that's hardly the thing!

The dear ladies wear jackets with pockets behind,
I don't think it's hardly the thing!
And quite topsy turvy each fashion we find,
I don't think it's hardly the thing!
We sha'n't be surprised if next season we meet
Girls with boots on their noses, and hats on their feet,
And they'll walk on their heads as they trot down the street,
And I don't think it's hardly the thing!

I COULDN'T QUITE SWEAR TO THE COLOR OF HER HAIR.

I'm like a man demented,
Oh, it is a burning shame,
My wife has run away from me,
And I forget her name.
Of course she's got my name, but then,
She's taken it away, [White,
And whether it's Brown, or Green, or
I'm bless'd if I can say.

CHORUS.

She sailed away on Thursday week,
From the port of Camden Town; [hair,
I couldn't quite swear to the color of her
But I think her name is Brown.

She went and bought a penny ice,
And then said she would skate:
I'll try and cry, my dear, said I,
But start or you'll be late;
She skated off and left me then
Five hundred pounds in debt;
Let's hope the poor thing's drowned herself,
She always liked a wet.

CHORUS.

She went away on Thursday week,
I hope she won't come back; [hair,
I couldn't quite swear to the color of her
But I think her name is Black.

She was a little milliner,
But now she's six feet three,
So I've no chance of millin' her,
Though she gets millin' me;
You used to call me "little puss,"
Said she, do you know that?
Oh, yes! said I, but little puss
Has grown to be a cat.

CHORUS.

She bolted off on Thursday week
In a "Louis" velveteen; [hair,
I couldn't quite swear to the color of her
But I think her name is Green.

Your friends, said she, will pity you,
They'll all say "poor old Jack,"
And I said, yes, they'll pity me
If ever you come back.
Oh, stay! oh, stay! my darling one,
I said, with mocking phiz;
She said, what's that, a *pair of stays*?
Said I, "of corset is."

CHORUS.

She took her hook on Thursday week,
My darling precious mite; [hair,
I couldn't quite swear to the color of her
But I think her name is White.

Why does a pipe containing tobacco resemble ourselves?—Because it is made of clay, and has the spark of life in it, and while the breath is in it the spark is alive; but when the breath is out the spark dies, and it grows cold, for the smoke is, as it were, the life of man passing away with a puff, and the tobacco then turns to ashes, just like our perished bodies.

What is whiter than milk?
What is softer than silk?
What is prettier than a lamb?
What is falser than a man?
What is longer than the highway?
What is deeper than the salt sea?

Snow is whiter than milk.
Wool is softer than silk.
A child is prettier than a lamb.
The devil is falser than any man.
Thoughts are longer than any highway.
Hell is deeper than the sea.

Since the claims of the Americans on the English Nation for the Alabama of 200 millions sterling, why has Mr. Robertson Gladstone inserted the names of the young men of Liverpool who imbibe a little too much drink in the newspapers?—Because he would have them enlist (in-list).

Why is the Princess Alexandra the cheapest traveller and the most economical liver in the world?—Because she came all the way from Denmark for half a crown (2s. 6d.), and intends living all her lifetime on a sovereign (20s).

What is the difference between a lark and a man who has just received a black eye?—One soars high; the other's eye's sore.

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

WILL YOU BE MY H LLYHOCK ?

I love the gardener's daughter Kate,
She's very dear to me,
I meet her at the garden gate—
Just by the lilac tree ;
I whisper this to get a kiss,
Before away I run :
Turn up your reddish nose sweet Miss,
And lettuce cabbage one.

CHORUS.

Will you be my hollyhock ?
Will you be my pansy ?
Will you be my honeysuckle ?
Will you be my rose ?
Will you be my mignonette ?
Will you be my violet ?
Will you let me kiss the two-lips
Just beneath your nose ?

The lilac blooms that wave on high
Are pretty, darling, but
I much prefer the locks that lie
Around your hazel nut.
Oak come, oak come, beneath the beech,
And kiss me, Katie, do,
'Tis plain to each, I cannot peach
Now I'm green-gaged to you.

CHORUS.—Will you be my hollyhock, &c.

You're asking me, my love, said she,
To be your hollyhock,
But I'm afraid I should be made
More like a laughing-stock ;
They tell me you go courting to
A lady rich and old,
But I said, Ma'am, your sweet William
Will never mari-gold.

CHORUS.—Will you be my hollyhock, &c.

O-range with me and name the date,
Let me no longer long,
I woodbine no means press you, Kate,
If fuchia'd think it wrong ;
Onion is strength—the saw declares,
So married we will be,
And when with you your William pears,
We'll live so apple-y.

CHORUS.—Will you be my hollyhock, &c.

When does a scarf pin resemble a ship ?—When it's on the bosom of a heavy swell.

What did the whale say to Jonah when he swallowed him ?—Come in out of the wet.

What did Jonah say ?—What a dreadful suck in.

Why does Jonah resemble a publican ?—Because his prophets was made out of the water.

What was the last animal that came out of the ark ?—The Elephant, because he had to stay and pack up his trunk.

Who was the first man that introduced salt meat into the navy ?—Noah, when he brought Ham into the Ark.

Who were the animals who had least luggage to carry into the Ark ?—The cock and fox, because they had only a comb and brush between them.

Who was the first man that came out of the Ark ?—Don't we read that Noah came forth ?

There is old love and young love, and
love that loveth praise ;
There is slighted love, and tender love,
and love that ne'er decays ;
There's hot love, and burning love, and
love more sweet than honey ;
But of all the loves that I do love, is a
widow with lots of money !

Why is pen-makers the most dishonest trade in the world ?—Because they steel pens and tell people they do right (write).

What is the best trade in the world ?—A Gardener ; because he has more work on earth than any man, more boughs than the Prince of Wales, he is master of the mint, regulates his own time (thyme), and raises his own salary (celery) every year ; if I had my way I would raise mine every day.

Why part of the world contains the greatest natural curiosity ?—Africa ; because it contains a marvellous Livingstone.

What is that wish we have every week but is only good but once a year ?—Good Friday.